

The Whig Rampant :

O R, EXALTATION.

Being a Pleasant New Song of 82. To a New Tune of, Hey Boys up go We.



Now now the Tories all shall stoop,
Religion and the Laws,
And Whigs of Common-wealth get up,
to Top the Good old Cause:
Tantivy-Boys shall all go down,
and haughty Monarchy;
The Leathern Cap shall have the Crown
Then Hey Boys up go We.

The Name of Lords shall be a hoord,
for ev'ry Man's a Brother,
What Reason then in Church or State,
one Man should Rule another?
Thus having Pill'd and Plunder'd all,
and Level'd each Degree,
We'll make their plump young daughters fall
And Hey Boys up go We.

When once that Anti-Christian Crew
are crush'd and overthrow,
We'll teach the Nobles how to bow,
and keep the Gentry down;
Good Manners has a bad rep'ute,
and tends to p'ide we see,
We'll therefore cry all Breeding down,
And Hey Boys up go We.

What though the King and Parliament,
cannot accord together,
We have good cause to be content,
this is our Sun-shine Weather:
For if Good Reason should take place,
and they should both agree,
—who'd be in a Round-Heads case,
For hey then up go We.



We'll down with all the Clergies
where Learning is profess:
For they still practice and maintain
the Language of the Beast:
We'll exercise in ev'ry place,
and preach beneath a Tree:
We'll make a Pulpit of a Cask,
For hey then up go we.

Rebellion was a thriving Trade
on this our English Coast:
When Pauls-Church was a Stable in
then Croopers Ru'd the Host:
Then Loyalty was call'd a Crime,
in Ann's Forty-Three:
A Godly Reformation time,
For Hey then up went we.

The Whigs shall rule Committee-Chair,
who will such Laws invent,
As shall Exclude the Lawful Peer
by Act of Parliament:
We'll cut his Royal Highness down,
e'n shorter by the Knee:
That he shall never reach the Throne,
Then Hey Boys up go We.

When three great Nations went in
and many thousand slain:
The bosom of the Earth bestrew'd,
then Goodness was gain:
But now the Days are alter'd since,
as Collegeplain did see:
If we Rebel against our Prince,
to Typh go we. wry

We'll smite the Idol in Guild-Hal,
and then (as we were wont)
We'll cry it was a Popish Plot,
and swear those Rogues have don't:
his Royal Highness to un-throne,
our Interest will be:
For if he e're enjoy his own,
Then Hey Boys up go we.

We'll break the Windows which the W
of Babylon has painted,
And when their B—s are pull'd down,
Our Dragons shall be set on:
Thus having quite Enslav'd the town,
pretending to set free,
At last the Gallows claims its own,
Then Hey Boys up go We.